

## RACING P.

A Story of Camp Life in War Times.

By John Habberton, Author of "Helen's Babies," "All He Knew," Etc.

Written for THE BEE. Copyright, 1891, by the Author.

## CHAPTER IV., Continued.

Of course everybody wanted to try the gloves—everybody at once—and the owner left Tom to decide who should use them. The question was difficult to decide, but Tom finally selected the most persistent users of clubs and trapezes and announced that practice would be restricted to the men who were most faithful at other exercises, so there was a sudden increase of club swinging in the company street.

But the glove experiment, even at its best, was of doubtful benefit to camp athletics. Nearly every man wanted to spar with the owner of the gloves. To be knocked down by the conqueror of the Philanthropy Bazaar was more glorious, in the estimation of the crowd, than to be victorious over the biggest man in the camp. The Mouse was nothing to display his skill, so he worked so steadily that on the third day he was completely exhausted and had to resign himself to rest and tonic. He still had the interest of the regiment at heart, however, so he suggested to Tom that several "punching bags" be made. This plan was adopted, greatly to the disgust of those men who preferred bruising to exercise; these found their consolation in resolving to order gloves for themselves as soon as the paymaster would enable them to do so.

The punching bags were made by filling grain sacks about half full of hay, tightly twisted and packed, with a little dirt at the bottom to give weight. They were suspended from the ceilings of the highest huts, and the earlier settlers with them made a great deal of fun for spectators. In the largest huts there were some two hundred bags for a company after being struck, and the man with the gloves usually had to stand aside quickly to avoid being hit by the bag on its return swing. To obviate this difficulty the glove men took turns in stopping the bag as it came back. One day, while Tom Mottray was instructing an awkward fellow in the science of bag punching, some one behind him asked him a question. As he turned his head, just after an extremely vigorous punch, to answer, the bag came back without hindrance; Jim Felt, who should have caught it, explained afterward that he had let it go just to see what it would do. He saw, but Tom did not, neither did he see anything else, except, perhaps, a million or two of stars, for the bag, which had been heavily weighted, struck him in the back of the head and knocked him with great force against the closed door, and the door, although it made as much noise as if it were badly hurt, did not yield a hair.



TOM AND THE MULE PARADING COMPANY.

breadth. Tom's nose did, and to such an extent that it had to be carried in a cold water pail for the remainder of the day.

Indeed, Tom might have gone into a convulsion on account of his wounded member and been excused from regular duty. But he was too busy. He had started five different varieties in the camp—running, club swinging, rope climbing, football and boxing—and some of his admirers claimed the Russian bathing among the sports. More than half of his own company indulged regularly in one or more of these facilities. For exercise, and in the other companies, in spite of some exclusiveness, there were at least a hundred men who consulted him frequently on points of physical culture. In keeping with the spirit of his agreement with the colonel he made himself entirely accessible, and accommodated, helped all men and sets who attempted to have gymnastics without going to the quarters of company C. After gaining his point by boasting until all other companies were exasperated to a high degree of emulation, he became as fair minded a judge as any one could ask, deciding often, in impromptu competitive struggles against his own comrades. He began to think that his position as an authority would cost all it could be worth.

The colonel's football duly reached camp and the first game played with it was a grand success. True, the sides were of only twenty men each, but as the whole regiment turned out as spectators and roared incessantly during each match, there was no lack of excitement. Besides, the players were as savage and reckless as any lot of college boys, so it became the custom for the colonel to be on the ground during a game to give prompt attention to the wounded; this indication of possible bloodshed enhanced, if possible, the delights of players as well as spectators.

The Indian club prize was won by Preacher, and a great load was thus taken off Tom's mind, for the winner not only collected the canteen of whiskey which was to supplement the money prize, but he would not even entertain the suggestion that he should take it and pass it around among his friends. Even the money he did not retain. But privately asked Tom to give it to the Mouse, in recognition of the splendid service he was doing to men who lived quiet, by keeping the camp in a state of peace and order, and with stories of fighting and suffering.

Meanwhile, the spirits of the regiment were notably improving. The men were out of doors far more than before, and many became as playful as a lot of overgrown puppies. The spirit of mischief, as manifested by practical jokes, became common as in the regiment's early days, when the men found their new found sense of freedom, seemed irrepressible. All the old tricks were resuscitated, and new ones were devised.

To one of these the founder of the gymnasia owed the most exciting experience of his life. One morning he borrowed from about the tenth tent mule, Daniel Webster, with the mule's cart, to haul some wood for the bath house. Daniel was the pride of the regiment; he had more admirers than all the wagon horses and officers' chargers combined. Like little Buttercup he was a plump and pleasing creature, and his regular rations of corn, oats and hay, he received daily in the aggregate a large quantity of bread, and not a little sugar from soldiers who would feed him by bit, their superfluous rations, merely to see his coaxing antics. He was always full bloated enough to enjoy a lively trot, and the men soon learned to enjoy him, to see the blissful capering in which he always succeeded in indulging, before being caught and taken back to his stable.

Tom left the animal and cart standing at the head of company C's street while he went to his hut for a harness. It occurred to some one of Belial to so dispose the harness that when Tom started again the mule and cart would part company. The trick was entirely satisfactory to the man who played it. The shafts of the cart came down with a bang, the reins slipped from Tom's fingers and then Daniel trotted off and tried to nibble some dried pine needles from a bush with which some man had ornamented the front of a hut on Thanksgiving day.

Tom sprang forward to secure the mule; Daniel also sprang forward with intentions diametrically opposite; Tom sauntered off obligingly to discuss his intentions; Daniel eyed him suspiciously a moment and then moved obliquely in the opposite direction. Tom got a bit of bread and tried coaxing, but the mule was too hungry just then, apparently he was too happy to eat, or perhaps he had been infected by the regiment's whimsical humor and wanted to prolong and vary his exercise. All this was gratifying to the spectators as to the mule, but to Tom, whose every movement was under the eye of the colonel and then enraging. Besides, it is depressing to any man's sense of dignity to follow all the

vagaries of a mule who has no sense of responsibility, and it is more than depressing to have fifty or more people observing the operation and laughing at its fruitlessness. Worse than all though and terribly weakening to self-control is to be subjected at such a time to a series of jokes on the theory and practice of mule catching, particularly when the victim is morally sure that his advisers, singly or collectively, never caught a mule in their lives.

So when Tom had heard and rejected a score or two of suggestions, and big Billson, who had just joined the third observers, began an oracular delivery on the art of securing runaway mules and detailed several of the plans which, unknown to him, had already been offered, Tom lost his temper and shouted:

"If you know so much about the business, come and catch him yourself, and I'll help you. Billson was nothing loth to put his theory, whatever it was, into practice. As for Daniel Webster, he stood still and looked at Tom in a manner that seemed almost reverent, as if he were about to approach and surrender of his own free will. The colonel's cutter cut in just as he was about to start, for Daniel seemed so much interested in his existence. The colonel's cutter cut in just as he was about to start, for Daniel seemed so much interested in his existence. The colonel's cutter cut in just as he was about to start, for Daniel seemed so much interested in his existence.

Then he advanced on Daniel in exquisite style; but for the movement of his feet he might have been taken by any one in front of him for a statue, so motionless were his arms and head. Tom also stood stock still; his worst enemy would have been welcome to a triumph just then, if by gaining it Tom might once more be able to put Daniel in the cart and go for wood. As for Daniel, he seemed a petrified mule; no one had ever before seen him quite so long. Tom afterward declared that Daniel winked at him with one eye—winked as plainly as man ever did, but the significance of the act was not comprehended at the time.

Billson's advance continued until it seemed to the lookers-on that by stooping forward quickly he could seize the reins before Daniel could move. But Billson was not going to imperil his chance by any sudden movement; even the rustle of clothing can be heard by a mule, whose long ears were not made merely to be laughed at. Billson slipped along until the toes of one foot were within an inch of the reins. None of the hundred or more men who were looking on spoke; they scarcely breathed, the tension was so extreme. Billson advanced his right foot to the side of the left; then, instead of stooping quickly, he sank slowly—almost imperceptibly—to a sitting position, until his body rested upon his heels. Even then most men would have snatched quickly at the reins with the right hand; Billson, on the contrary, softly put out both hands and both touched the reins at the same time.

At that supreme fraction of a second Daniel Webster, his gaze still fixed upon Tom, wheeled his hind quarters sharply to the left and in air; there was a sound, as of a hammer striking a well-filled barrel, and Billson rapidly went through motions suggestive of a scarecrow being knocked to pieces. As for Daniel Webster, he cast just one glance upon his would-be captor and then manifested his glee by a little ecstasy of mule see-saw, rising alternately upon his front and hind feet. The whole crowd of observers expressed sympathy for him by laughing uproariously and hurling all sorts of sarcastic remarks at the dejected Billson.

How long this cruel sport might have continued is unknown at the present writing, for Tom Mottray suddenly muttered, "Confound the brute!" and started in rapid pursuit.

Daniel understood the meaning of this movement, but, like a true philosopher, proceeded to turn it to his own advantage. He trotted all over the camp, skillfully avoiding, however, his own stable and every other place from which he would not safely retire. It was not in human nature for the other soldiers to see a chase and not join in it, so soon there were scores in hot pursuit, and the number increased every moment, for Daniel made known what was going on by dashing through company streets and between huts, with the panting crowd behind him. Once he seemed caught by his own folly, for he found himself wedged between one of the cross-stick chimneys of the tent one. If his head had been where his tail was he might have been caught, but after Billson's experience no one cared to touch any of the rear ends of the mule.

"Run around the hut and grab his bridle," shouted some one.

Two men started. Instinct, or perhaps a correct understanding of the English language, caused Daniel to try to back out. This attempt being discouraged by a lame man who more effort to go forward and he went, so did the chimney, which fell upon one of the men who went to catch the bridle. The other man succumbed, with a scream, to a well-delivered bite on the shoulder and again Daniel was free.

"Make a ring around him," shouted Tom.

"There are enough of us to corral him; then some one can catch him before he has time to kick himself else."

The crowd spread rapidly into a large circle. Daniel stopped and studied this movement; he turned slowly and soon understood the enemy's intention. Then he dropped his head a little, which caused a farmer soldier to remark:

"He's giving 'em up."

Evidently the farmers' experience had been confined to horses, for mules do not give up. Daniel's attitude was not one of dejection; it was solely meditative. The soldier who had heard a little, which caused a farmer soldier to remark:

"He's giving 'em up."

The men did all that was expected of them but the breastworks did not. They were barely six feet high, and although vertically walled inside with logs along their entire length there were amateur bomb-proofs at points. Over one of these, built in "lean-to" Daniel made his way to the parapet; a sentry tried to stop him, but retired when Daniel advanced his hind quarters.

Tom sprang upon the parapet from the opposite direction and the crowd massed behind him. Daniel saw the danger and retreated. Behind him was defeat and captivity; before him was a wide, broad expanse of soil with not a man upon it. He raised his tail, wobbled a loud hurray, gathered all his feet together, slid down the slope and into the ditch escape was easy enough. Then he made straight for the enemy's works.

Every one sprang upon the parapets to gaze at him; no one was afraid, for although the lines were within gunshot of each other, unarmed men were seldom or never fired upon, for it was not the "business sense" in military affairs. Suddenly Tom exclaimed:

"I don't want to have that mule charged against my pay if I can help it."

Then he slipped down the slope, clambered out of the ditch and flew after Daniel Webster. The crowd was speechless for a moment with amazement. Nevertheless it was a crowd; for the time being a mere mob in respect to its blindness to follow a leader in anything whatever. So when Preacher exclaimed, "He never can catch him without getting him pinned in the pursuit!" the whole crowd swarmed after.

At first the enemy's sentries, of whom only two were in sight, did not observe the movement; when at last they saw what was going on they were too astonished to do anything but stop and stare. But Daniel Webster did not stop; he continued in his course, regardless of the slight abatis in front of the enemy's works. Indeed, with the perversity which is the leading characteristic of mule nature, he preferred the hardest way of doing anything. Worse still, none of the men seemed to force the probable operation of the mule's trail. Daniel saw the enemy's breastwork; it was a slight elevation, but no mule in existence, when at liberty, ever loses

an opportunity to climb to the highest attainable point in sight. He did not know what reception might await him; it is equally certain that he did not care.

The men had no climbing knowledge, but apparently not a bit less recklessness. Their blood was up, and if Daniel went into the enemy's camp they were going too. And Daniel went. As he bent over the ditch and began to scale the slope, where he could not raise his hind feet to kick, Tom clutched the reins and gave a mule's jerk. But the but in Daniel's mouth was not a curb and the mouth itself was not delicate, so the brute dragged Tom along to the parapet, where in self defense Tom had to jump. The mule sprang into the rebel camp and away among the huts, followed by not less than a hundred union soldiers, not out of whom had any weapon larger than a knife.

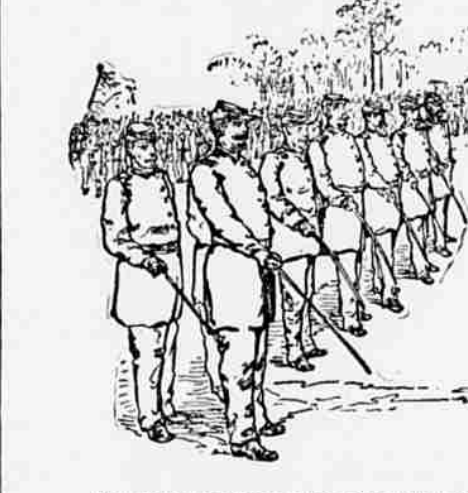
To startle the average southerner is not easy. He is a terrible fellow when excited as his enemies have often learned to their sorrow; but ordinarily he is as splendidly imperturbable as the North American Indian. Nevertheless, on this occasion, some amusement was afforded by the sight of every man whom the mule chase passed that morning in the rebel camp.

But the "Johnnies" soon comprehended the situation. They also understood the ways of mules, for the mule himself is a southerner; and the mule's nature is as much a part of the southern camp as the mule's own nature. The mule's own nature was just as weary as their enemies of doing nothing in winter quarters; they were equally frantic for some new sensation, so before the mule had been in the camp two minutes there were several "graybacks" among the pursuers, and the number increased so rapidly that in two minutes later it was hard to tell which color predominated in the mass of uniforms.

How the officers of the confederate camp regarded this invasion no one thought to inquire; the mule was enough to think of for the time being for he threaded the ways and byways of the camp as industriously as he had those of his own. He might have continued to do so until the shades of evening hid him from view had it not been for some bugle notes which the wind wafted from his own camp. It was "dinner call" and Daniel, mule though he was, knew it as well as any soldier, for daily when the mule's dinner he received a handful of oats. The men did not understand, until the stable orderly came to the mule's quarters, that he had turned abruptly at this call and made for his own camp, but turn he did. He found his way over the enemy's works, dashed through the unfinished abatis, crossed the neutral ground, over the union breastworks and into his own camp.

And what he came all of his original followers, no one in the enemy's camp having attempted to detain them. With them came a large number of confederates. Military visits are usually made in a list of mules, but never before had a call been retired quite so soon as this. The "Johnnies" did not attempt to follow the mule; they were too busy with their own mules, and the mule's own surroundings; like their temporary associates they saw only the pointed ears and graceful hindquarters of the tireless Daniel Webster.

But although seeing nothing they were not unseen. The officer of the guard was in a terrible state of mind; he was the only officer of the day; as for the colonel, he could hardly believe his eyes when the noise made by the host thundering down the parade



THE OFFICERS SHEATHED THEIR SWORDS AND MARCHED TOWARD THE CENTER.

brought him to the door of his hut. What to do he did not know; it would be inglorious, rather than otherwise, to capture a list of mules, and he certainly could not endure the idea of a lot of rebel soldiers prancing and howling through his camp. To add to his perplexity the officer of the day came to him for orders, and the lieutenant colonel, who was an exorable little fellow, wanted to know what the colonel was going to do.

Meanwhile Daniel Webster continued to maintain the lead by several lengths, but he suddenly ended the chase by dashing into his stable and beginning to munch oats. Industrious as if he had never possessed an idea of doing anything else.

Toward was an awkward silence in the crowd so suddenly brought to a halt; it grew more awkward as the men who did not belong in the camp looked at those who did, and then at each other. Finally one of them asked:

"Durn it! What do you s'pose you uns officers'll do to us?"

"Git what you've the chance," said Preacher.

"We'll help you," said Tom, "by pretending to chase you. Let it, boys. It's a pity we can't keep the acquaintance, but now and hereafter the time and place. Come along."

Off started the whole gang, and none too soon, for the officer of the day was just approaching the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

on make a mule's camp. It is a terrible fellow when excited as his enemies have often learned to their sorrow; but ordinarily he is as splendidly imperturbable as the North American Indian. Nevertheless, on this occasion, some amusement was afforded by the sight of every man whom the mule chase passed that morning in the rebel camp.

But the "Johnnies" soon comprehended the situation. They also understood the ways of mules, for the mule himself is a southerner; and the mule's nature is as much a part of the southern camp as the mule's own nature. The mule's own nature was just as weary as their enemies of doing nothing in winter quarters; they were equally frantic for some new sensation, so before the mule had been in the camp two minutes there were several "graybacks" among the pursuers, and the number increased so rapidly that in two minutes later it was hard to tell which color predominated in the mass of uniforms.

How the officers of the confederate camp regarded this invasion no one thought to inquire; the mule was enough to think of for the time being for he threaded the ways and byways of the camp as industriously as he had those of his own. He might have continued to do so until the shades of evening hid him from view had it not been for some bugle notes which the wind wafted from his own camp. It was "dinner call" and Daniel, mule though he was, knew it as well as any soldier, for daily when the mule's dinner he received a handful of oats. The men did not understand, until the stable orderly came to the mule's quarters, that he had turned abruptly at this call and made for his own camp, but turn he did. He found his way over the enemy's works, dashed through the unfinished abatis, crossed the neutral ground, over the union breastworks and into his own camp.

And what he came all of his original followers, no one in the enemy's camp having attempted to detain them. With them came a large number of confederates. Military visits are usually made in a list of mules, but never before had a call been retired quite so soon as this. The "Johnnies" did not attempt to follow the mule; they were too busy with their own mules, and the mule's own surroundings; like their temporary associates they saw only the pointed ears and graceful hindquarters of the tireless Daniel Webster.

But although seeing nothing they were not unseen. The officer of the guard was in a terrible state of mind; he was the only officer of the day; as for the colonel, he could hardly believe his eyes when the noise made by the host thundering down the parade

brought him to the door of his hut. What to do he did not know; it would be inglorious, rather than otherwise, to capture a list of mules, and he certainly could not endure the idea of a lot of rebel soldiers prancing and howling through his camp. To add to his perplexity the officer of the day came to him for orders, and the lieutenant colonel, who was an exorable little fellow, wanted to know what the colonel was going to do.

Meanwhile Daniel Webster continued to maintain the lead by several lengths, but he suddenly ended the chase by dashing into his stable and beginning to munch oats. Industrious as if he had never possessed an idea of doing anything else.

Toward was an awkward silence in the crowd so suddenly brought to a halt; it grew more awkward as the men who did not belong in the camp looked at those who did, and then at each other. Finally one of them asked:

"Durn it! What do you s'pose you uns officers'll do to us?"

"Git what you've the chance," said Preacher.

"We'll help you," said Tom, "by pretending to chase you. Let it, boys. It's a pity we can't keep the acquaintance, but now and hereafter the time and place. Come along."

Off started the whole gang, and none too soon, for the officer of the day was just approaching the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

The visitors followed Tom's advice to the best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly wounded. As the whole crowd of mules and men approached the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared, but Tom panted:

"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—let it boys—let it while you can."

## The Errors of Man.

Clothing manufacturers are mortals and make errors. They will buy thousands upon thousands of yards of cloth in all sorts of patterns, and, too oftentimes, that which looks the handsomest in the piece looks the poorest made up, and makes the poorest "seller" in the lot. They lay in the wholesaler's loft year after year, the sewing loses its strength and the goods often become moth eaten. By the retailer of this country that class of suits are pet-named "bull pups," "ranks," "chestnuts," etc., but they are finally sold to some far western fellow for little or nothing. The jobber's loss is the retailer's gain, who ships them home and yells to the workingmen, "Bargains, Bargains, Great Bargains," when, in fact, he is making lots of money on a lot of old, dark, bad patterns that the workingman east of Chicago wouldn't buy at any price. That is one reason why a western man in the east is often pet named and spotted at once as the "western hoosier."

Show us a clothing house anywhere in the United States of thirty to forty years standing, and we will show you a house that never resorted to that class of trickery. For the custom gained is